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**Notwithstanding the fact that the church was a funded debt on the church of \$4,000; and that when they said the congregation was united, they suppressed the fact that some of the deacons had not spoken to one another for years—that Deacon Smith had shot Deacon Jones' cow because it had broken through his fence; and that Deacon Jones had called Deacon Smith's wife a "cross-eyed dromedary."**

But besides all this, the congregation would undertake to regulate the fashion of the minister's hair. Happy was the minister who had a shaggy head. He spoke feelingly on this subject—He believed that his hair had been the cause of his being ousted from the Union Park church. The very party who had been the ringleaders of those proceedings against him were the very persons who had labored with him on the subject of his hair. He soon found that there were three parties in the church about his hair. One party insisted on its being brushed down close; a second party insisted on its standing on end; and a third, the conservative party, wanted it simply loosened up. Noticing that these three parties corresponded to the three divisions of a sermon, he soon fell into the habit of delivering the first head of a discourse with his hair brushed down; the second he used to deliver with his hair standing up, and the third he delivered with an attempt to tone it down to a conservative position.

The Rev. Florence, at this point, illustrated his remarks by setting his hair up on his forehead, and glancing down upon the audience, who were convulsed with laughter. He had learned by bitter experience, he said, that a tame and commonplace head of hair would go far to counteract the deepest learning, perfect soundness in the faith, matchless eloquence, and spotless purity of character.

He next amused his audience by reading some specimen letters of complaint which a minister received from members of his flock. One would sign himself "Veritas," and ask him how it was, if he was destitute of means because his congregation had not paid him a cent for fifteen months, that his wife was able to buy a new shawl, and his daughter to get her shoes mended. Another, "Mrs. Dianah Sharp," would recite some supposed peccadillo of his, and tell him unless he sent her \$500 she would expose him as sure as she was a living woman.

Then came a very rare description of the trials of a minister on a tour of pastoral visitation. Some families would rather have a stroke of paralysis than have the minister call on them. At some houses, the difficulty was to know whether to pray or not, the prayers would be huddled through, and the minister would leave the house as uncomfortable as if he had been drinking sugar tea while at other houses, if he were to be cheerful, and talk to a depressed, morose, and sanguine tone to give her encouragement under some trouble, she would go to a neighbor's as soon as he had left, and complain that the pastor had never once said, "Let us pray."

The piece of resistance of the lectures, of course, the troubles of the minister with his deacons. The newly inducted pastor had no sooner got settled, than his deacons would begin to pester him by undertaking to prescribe his costume, regulate his breakfast table, and criticize his domestic affairs, and to rebuke him for imperfections, which the angels in glory would not think of rebuking in each other. When a man was made a deacon, he was the whitest-livered, mildest-mannered, and timeliest creature that ever drew the breath of life; he walked round the church in a humble, apologetic manner, every step seeming to say, "I hope I don't intrude." When first addressed as "Deacon so and so," he would blush like a bride when first called "Mrs.," and deprecatingly put away the self-importance. But deacons, like federal officeholders, never resign, and seldom die. [Laughter.] According to his observation, it took just one week for a deacon to reach the conclusion that he was elected not to serve but to hamper the minister; but it took him about three months more to get sensibly under the influence of his oats, and this full attainment of the deaconal standard and spirit manifested itself with all deacons in one and the same overt act—that is to say, on the very day when a deacon became thoroughly deaconized, his countenance became rigid, his eye glared like a panther's, his list was tightly clenched, his voice became loud and firm, and he started off on a brisk run to find his pastor; and when he met him he addressed to him the following pointed, eloquent and soul-stirring remark: "Sir, I think you ought to resign." [Laughter and cheers.] No man need consider himself a deacon in good standing until he has performed this heroic and self-denying duty.

The next solemn duty of a deacon was to see that his pastor, if a single man, should marry his daughter. He could not give the exact chapter and verse of scripture on which it was founded, but he did know that every deacon thinks he has a divine right to marry his daughter to his pastor; but the worst of it was that the deacon never urged this right when the daughter was an eligible person. If she was much sought after, she was expressly forbidden to encourage the

minister; but if she was a damsel seven feet tall, of thirty summers, with the asthma, and had not had a bean since she was sixteen, then this claim would be urged with the greatest energy. He drew an imaginary picture of the way this thing works, which was repeatedly interrupted by the laughter of his audience.

Deacon Portly is a stout, red-faced, wind-broken man, without education, intellect, refinement, social standing, or even wealth. He has a daughter of twenty-eight summers, named Margaret—playfully called Maggie. She is built like her father; has false teeth, warts on her hand and is cross-eyed. Her mind is feeble, her manners awkward and her toilet decidedly dowdy. Deacon Portly's pastor, Rev. Mr. Brightly, is a finely educated young man of twenty-five, of poor but wealthy parents [laughter] possessing native refinement, modesty, and many sterling qualities. He also is a brunette. Mr. Brightly, unknown to Deacon Portly, is building all his hopes of early happiness on his expected union with a wealthy and beautiful blonde, living 500 miles away; but the deacon designs better things for Mr. Brightly.

One Sunday morning the pastor had preached a sermon so superlatively fine that the doubts which had been troubling Deacon Portly's mind have been all dissipated, and he fairly makes up his mind that Mr. Brightly is good enough for his Maggie. He takes occasion to walk home with Mr. Brightly, and having got him into a sequestered street, says to him, with affected indifference: "Brother Brightly, there is only one thing you need now—only one thing." "What is that?" "A wife, sir, a good, industrious wife." "Oh," says the pastor, "I will fix that some day." This excites the deacon's surprise, and he betrays more interest. "Be careful about it; it will either make or break you." Well, this excites Mr. Brightly's suspicions; he is silent so the deacon has to speak again. "My Maggie is a great girl," says the shameless man; "Goodness knows what we should do without her—she is the mainstay of our house."

The ghastly idea is now vividly placed before Mr. Brightly's mind—old Portly wants him to marry his scrub of a daughter! The truth is, all through the conversation Mr. Brightly's mind has been with the blonde; visions of her compact pyramid of golden hair, her glowing cheek, her soft, blue eye and still, small voice, her exquisite beauty and queenly bearing—even the remembrance of the delicate perfume of her handkerchief—was diffusing a sort of opium dream through his soul, when this man Portly began to intimate that old Blanche, but his own ignorant, obese, unkempt Maggie is not merely indignant, but sickened and disgusted at the contrast; so, when Deacon Portly says he doesn't know what he will do without her, he fervently replies: "My advice to you, deacon, is to hold on to her." [Laughter.]

The deacon, thunderstruck to think any pastor should refuse to marry his daughter, stands at the street corner pale and breathless, saying to himself, "Good gracious, is it possible. But won't I make him pay for it?" It need hardly be added that on the next Sabbath Deacon Portly discovers a most damnable heresy in his pastor's sermon; in a week more he has caught his pastor in a lie; in another week he accuses his pastor of uttering obscenity; and in another week he can convict his pastor on four separate charges, too bad to bring forward except by insinuation.

At last he hears that Mr. Brightly is about to take a journey to bring home the blonde. "Not if I know myself," says the deacon. A deacon's meeting is called; Deacon Portly brings forward his charges—accuses Mr. Brightly of having grossly insulted his daughter Maggie; and the deacons request Mr. Brightly to resign. As a prudent man he resigns; the marriage is postponed; and Deacon Portly is happy.

He was inclined to think that the very sound of the word "deacon" was expressive of his character. When any one says, "Go to the deacons," it was not obvious that the original expression was "Go to the Deacons?" [Laughter.] The Greek for deacon was *diakonos*; the Greek for devil was *diabolos*; it was evident that originally the same word was applied to both, and that deacon was only another word for devil. If any one thought this idea too bold, he had only to hide his emaciated figure behind the rotund form of Mr. Spurgeon, who once perpetrated this conundrum: "What is the difference between a deacon and the devil?" The answer was, "If you resist the devil, he will flee from you; but if you resist a deacon, will fly at you."

In nine cases out of ten a minister was found fault with, not for his failure, but for his success. After revivals, removals were sure to come. First came slights, then suspicious hints, then complaints, and then, if they were Baptist people, they would call a council to try him. He proceeded to give some account of the councils. A Baptist minister looked upon such councils as a relaxation from pastoral work, and rejoiced that he was going to have some good fun at last. A Baptist minister would sooner receive his marriage fee than be ten minutes late at the council. The moderator would deliver himself of some stinging remarks about the accused brother, and then call upon

another brother to pray. The prayer would be of a piece with the moderator's remarks—both consisting in this: "If he is innocent, we cannot see it; if he is guilty, we will cast him into outer darkness, where there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." Then would follow the charges, of which the reverend gentlemen read specimens which sounded very like burlesque, but were really a very close imitation of those preferred against himself before the Baptist council.

He concluded by saying that the sketch he had given was not the universal experience of ministers. All ministers did not have such a hard time; some of them lived in elegant houses, kept good tables, and had good bank accounts, and were able to travel for amusement, and many of these could not have kept up such style if they had not been ministers. The minister was to all other workers what the Pope claimed to be to all other sovereigns, or, rather what Lord Bacon was to all other philosophers. His labors were the mainstay of his own cultivation, and the press itself seemed never to be so profitable to its owners as when chronicling the doings of God's ministers. It sat on the chariot wheel of the church's work, and like the fly, complacently exclaimed, "See what a dust I raise!" When every human achievement was forgotten, the minister's work would be forever enhancing, and its results would be eternal, shining like the stars for ever and ever. The reverend gentleman was warmly cheered on resuming his seat and the audience dispersed.

#### THE PROSTRATE STATE.

What a Northern Man saw in South Carolina.

F. W. S., a prominent Northern merchant has been to Columbia, and writes as follows of what he saw in that city of bridges. The letter is taken from the Bridgeport, Conn., Farmer.

"South Carolina is in a sad and deplorable condition. Stealing is the only thing that is flourishing. The swindling operations carried on in this State, especially in this city by the carpet-baggers, scoundrels and negro members of the Legislature, if thoroughly exposed, would bring to light an amount of corruption that would cause Tweed and his ring to blush. Through it the whole State, particularly the 'Cotton Belt' is in nearly a bankrupt condition. Merchants cannot collect from planters, because the latter can hardly raise cotton sufficient to pay taxes.

Proceeding with a lengthy detail of how the whole machinery of the State Government is run for the robbery of the white people, this very intelligent, and, we suppose, honest Northern man, who after so long a time, is getting his eyes open to the facts of the case, concludes his letter as follows:

"There are about one hundred and forty-five members of the Legislature; some twenty-five are white, the balance are black, and of these last there are forty who can neither read nor write; and with a few bad men at their head, they make good material to rob the State and enrich themselves and others. The man for stealing at the capital is rapidly spreading all through the towns in the country; in fact, the negroes are beginning to think that everything belongs to them, and must be taken when opportunity offers. South Carolina has about thirty-five thousand more colored voters than white, and if this state of affairs is allowed to go on much longer, it will eventually end in a war of races. Something must be done to prevent such a calamity. And the people blame the North and the Government for upholding and sanctioning this class of men, who are sucking out of the life of the State, and scattering seeds of wickedness that will bring forth bitter fruit. The theory that ignorance can govern States has proven a total failure here, and I honestly think it will for the fear of the United States soldiers, some hanging would be done in less than a year, or men would be less than human."

We are glad, of course, that yet another of our Northern brethren has got his eyes open to an abomination and a disgrace to the American name, which, it seems to us, a blind man ought to have seen long ago. What a pity, though, that the condition of things in South Carolina which our Northern brethren are so very slow to see, cannot be transferred for a while to States further north as an eye opener, we think it would have a fine effect, and be, withal, just what our Northern brethren deserve.

Long Branch is happy. In fact, it is jubilant over the news that at an early day Mr. Grant, with his splendid liveries and gaudy chariots and pages, will draw to this aristocratic watering-place an immense concourse of snobs and shoddy rich folks. They will spend their money freely and without stint. "Come easy, go easy," is a motto the world over, which holds good.

JOHN COBB has found on his farm, six miles from Nicholasville, a stratum of rock which on a careful analysis yields forty cents' worth of pure gold to a half pint of rock. Damicks which are worth \$6.40 per gallon must be regarded as remunerative.

A NEBRASKA man and his wife happened to elope the same night, and each left a note for the other.

#### OVER THE RIVER.

BY NANCY A. W. PRIST.

Over the river they becom to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side;  
The gleam of their snow-white robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of softest gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angels who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see—  
Over the river—the mighty river—  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another, the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
"Darling Minnie!" I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom land;  
We felt it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
Where all the ransomed and angels be;  
O'er the river—the mytic river—  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale,  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail,  
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts.

They cross the stream and are gone for aye,  
We may not under the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their bark is no more.  
May sail with no o'er life's sunny sea,  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore.

They watch, and wait, and beckon for me,  
And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water's side,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar:  
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river—the peaceful river—  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

#### LINCOLN COUNTY.

About the People and their Characteristics—Historical Points—Hon. Tom Varron for Lieutenant Governor, Etc.

Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.

STANFORD, KY., June 20.

Rarely does it happen that a commercial traveler manifests a solicitude to gather the local news of the country through which he passes. In the olden times, before mail facilities blessed the world, it was the business of the pilgrim and wandering minstrel to subserve the useful ends of mail-bags, and a night's lodging, with cheerful fire and bounteous repast, was never refused one of these peripatetic post-offices. Not so now, and "more's the pity," with a commercial traveler. He has no news to hash out that isn't stale from old reading in daily and weekly sheets; the wherefore of which, he pays for bread, meat and bed at the highest market price, and goes forth from dearly bought refreshments to the labor of "dunning" a delinquent customer, or, still worse, "darning" for a new one. So it is that this business is generally his business to the exclusion of everybody else's business. If a countryman deign to engage him in a conversation at all, it is, at this period of time, about the rain, or rather the drought, and the crop prospects in other parts of the State.

The good folks of Lincoln, Garrard, and Boyle counties furnish no especial exception to this rule; though if one is a mind to listen to them they will discourse never-endingly about bluegrass, blooded stock, and local politics. I find among the people of Lincoln a strong feeling of provincialism. They are thrifty, shrewd, and honest. They would not brook the antithesis implied by connecting the last two descriptive words by the conjunction but instead of the euphuistic *and*; for thrift and honor are regarded as inseparable by a community that idolizes industrious habits as one of the chief virtues. I say the people of this county are provincial. This results largely from ancestral country pride. They omit not to mention the historical fact that Lincoln is one of the "original three"; that she gave to Kentucky her first Governor, whose country seat, Traveler's Rest, still stands within a few miles of her county seat; that, save Lexington and Harrodsburg, Stanford is the oldest town in the State; and, not saying those two, she has more to boast of on account of the heroism, courage, and endurance of her pioneers, the Logans, Baileys, Carpenters, and others, than any town belonging to the Ohio river and Tennessee line. There is, indeed, a historical romance connected with the very name of this town. Some time, the date of which I do not remember, the Indians from Ohio made a grand incursion into Kentucky, and captured Boone's, Bryant's, Harrod's, and in brief every other station in the State, except Logan's Fort, situated just one-half mile from the court-house of the present county seat. To this fort they laid siege, but were defeated in all their assaults upon the works by old Ben Logan, aided by his warrior men and women, for they all fought with equal skill and gallantry. The siege continued until Logan began to feel alarm for the supply of his powder and ball. He therefore quietly stole one dark and rainy night through the lines of the besiegers, and made his way through Cumberland Gap to the Holston river in Tennessee, where he procured a full supply of ammunition, with which he safely returned to the fort in the almost incredible space of one week from the day he left. This enabled him to raise the siege, and his own fort was the only one left standing

in Kentucky, from which circumstance its name was changed to "Standing Fort," and has since been corrupted into Stanford.

Politically the people of this entire district of country are well informed. They manifest a proper interest in their home paper, the INTERIOR JOURNAL, and give it credit for being well conducted, well edited, and altogether reliable, morally and financially. They will discuss local politics with zeal, but good temper. In this and adjacent counties they are already presenting the name of the Hon. Thomas W. Varron, present Senator from Lincoln, Casey, Boyle and Garrard, for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor in 1875. His friends are numerous and zealous, and are determined to make themselves heard in behalf of the Senator. I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, though I have seen him on one or two public occasions.

Calling to mind the much-quoted scriptural aphorism that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," I inquired of an intelligent, even-tempered gentleman the secret of Mr. Varron's hold upon the good will of Central Kentucky. He replied sententiously, "It is faith." "Please explain," said I. "Who exercises the faith and who is the object of it?" "The people," said he, "particularly the Democratic people. They have faith in Varron's integrity, faith in his solid judgment, faith in his correct principles, his good habits, general intelligence and good understanding. Besides this, they know his parliamentary experience and legal acquirements will fit him for the position of Lieut. Governor." I was bound to confess that if their faith was well founded their preference was correct. Being from another part of the State myself, that claims a Lieut. Governor, I have begun to feel that if my own "neck of the woods" can not be honored I have no objections to Lincoln realizing her hopes.

The work on the Cincinnati road is progressing well enough. The large number of employees along the line has raised the price of butter, spring chickens, early vegetables and eggs to the war standard. In fact, a war man is forcibly reminded of fortifications and earthworks by the appearances presented by the work at this time in its incomplete state.

#### COUSIN SALLY DILLARD.

On the Bonds Once More.

Cousin Sally Dillard is a story that must not die; and it has been some time since the public have been called upon to laugh over its exquisite ridiculousness. The scene is laid in a court of justice over in Jersey. A beardless disciple of Themis rises and thus addresses the court:

"May it please your worship and you gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say) to exercise myself in legal disquisition, it has never befallen me to be obliged to prosecute so dreadfully marked an assault. A more willful, violent and dangerous battery, and finally a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings, as this which took place over at Captain Rice's, in this county; but you will hear from the witnesses."

The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and disposed. One said that he heard the noise, but did not see the fight; another that he saw the row, but did not know who struck first, and another that he was very drunk, and couldn't say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops—"I am sorry, gentlemen, to have occupied your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arises, gentlemen, altogether from a misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I do, that I had a witness who was acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and who was able to make himself clearly understood to the court and jury, I should not have trespassed so long on your patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn."

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy old man, a "crotch" corned, and took his oath with an air.

Chops—"Mr. Harris, we wish you to tell about the riot that happened the other day at Captain Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be comprehensive, at the same time explicit as possible."

Harris—"Admatically (giving the law a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat). Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard, she comes over to my house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go. I told Cousin Dillard my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of rheumatism in her hip, there having been a good deal of rain lately, but, however, as it was her, Cousin Sally Dillard, my wife she mout go. Well, Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he mout go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard that he was the foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but, however, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go."

Chops—"In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rignurole?"

Witness—"Captain Rice, he gin a

treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she came over to my house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go, and I told Cousin Sally Dillard—

Chops—"Stop sir, if you please; we don't want to hear about your Cousin Sally Dillard or your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's."

Witness—"Well, I will, sir, if you will let me."

Chops—"Well, sir, go on."

Witness—"Well, sir, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally she come over to my house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go."

Chops—"Here it is again. Witness, please to stop."

Witness—"Well, sir, what do you want?"

Chops—"We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed with this impertinent story. Do you know anything about the matter before the court?"

Witness—"To be sure I do!"

Chops—"Well, go on and tell it then, and nothing else."

Witness—"Well, Captain Rice, he gin a treat—"

Chops—"This is intolerable. May it please the court, I move the witness be committed for contempt. He seems to be trifling with the court."

Court—"Witness, you are before the court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell me what you know about the fight at Rice's."

Witness—"Well, gentlemen, Captain Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard—"

Court (after deliberating).—"Mr. Attorney, the court is of the opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed with your story, Mr. Harris, but stick to the point."

Witness—"Yes, gentlemen. Well, Captain Rice he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dillard she come over to my house and axed me if my wife she moutn't go? I told Cousin Sally Dillard that my wife she was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatism in her hip, and the big swamp was up; however as it was her, Cousin Sally Dillard my wife she mout go. Cousin Sally Dillard then axed me if Mose he moutn't go. I told Cousin Sally Dillard as how Mose he was foreman of the crap, and the crap was smartly in the grass, but, however, as it was she, Cousin Sally Dillard, Mose he mout go. So they go on together—Mose, my wife and Cousin Sally Dillard—and they comes to the big swamp, and it was up as I was telling you; but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, Cousin Sally Dillard and Mose like gentel folks, they walked the log; but my wife, like a darned fool, hoisted her coats and waded through."

Chops—"Heaven and earth! this is too bad! But go on."

Witness—"Well that's all I know about the fight."

#### EDITORIAL NOTES.

Senator Stevenson, of Kentucky, voted with thirty-two Republicans for an atrocious press-gang law, introduced by Conkling.

Let the country rejoice. Hon. Daves and Hoar, of Massachusetts, have announced their determination not to accept re-nomination for Congress in their respective districts.

The anti-monopolists of Iowa adopted a platform in favor of specie, of temperance, of railroad legislation, and of honest government, and nominated four Democrats and three Republicans for the State offices.

Mr. Hale, the successor of Postmaster General Creswell, is now serving his third term in the House. His being a third term man may have suggested to the President the propriety of putting him into the Cabinet.

Col. James A. Dawson, in a graceful valedictory, retires from the editorial control of the Louisville Ledger. Col. Dawson has been a laborious worker, and has done much to uphold the standard of pure Democracy in our State and Nation, and we part from him regretfully.

Why was it that Congress failed to pass the Civil Rights bill? Our notion is, that a complaint was sent up from one end of the country to the other, from Florida to Maine, imploring the Radical members of Congress to pass the "thing" over until a "more convenient season." There is not a Republican candidate for office in this state, who would be willing to confess that he was in favor of the passage of the Civil Rights bill. But this is said only in Democratic circles.

We have received the first number of the newly illustrated *Heath and Home*, since it passed into the hands of the Graphic Company. We note a decided change in the "heading" of the paper, and must say that it is not an improvement upon the original, but rather to the contrary. The pictures are good enough for ordinary papers, but for such a weekly journal as the *Heath and Home* has been heretofore, and such as we hope it may continue to be under the new proprietorship, they are not "up to the mark" of excellence which we fondly desired and hoped for, from the announcement of the Graphic Company.

#### RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT LINES.

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE R. R.

#### KNOXVILLE BRANCH.

STANFORD.

Leave	Arrive
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
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Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.

#### RICHMOND JUNCTION.

Leave	Arrive
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.
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Louisville Mail and Express	2:30 P. M.

#### ELIZABETHTOWN & PADUCAH R. R.

COMPLETED TO PADUCAH.

On and after Monday, July 1st, trains will run as follows:

Leave	Arrive
Elizabethtown	6:25 A. M.
Paducah	2:30 P. M.
Elizabethtown	2:30 P. M.
Paducah	6:25 A. M.
Elizabethtown	6:25 A. M.
Paducah	2:30 P. M.
Elizabethtown	2:30 P. M.
Paducah	6:25 A. M.
Elizabethtown	6:25 A. M.
Paducah	2:30 P. M.

#### LOUISVILLE AND CINCINNATI

#### Short Line Railroad

FOR CINCINNATI AND THE EAST!

THE QUICKEST, BEST AND ONLY ROUTE running a double daily line Pullman Sleeping Cars from Louisville to Cincinnati, Portsmouth, New York, New Orleans, and other Eastern cities.

#### WITHOUT CHANGE.

The only line with which passengers from the South make direct connection at Louisville with through cars for New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other Eastern cities. The only all rail line between Louisville and Cincinnati, Portsmouth, New York, New Orleans, and other Eastern cities.

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Saving 27 to 110 miles, and arriving in trains in advance at WASHINGTON.

Running PHILADELPHIA one train the quickest.

Over the Ohio River, and arriving in trains in advance at NEW YORK.

Over the Ohio River, and arriving in trains in advance at BALTIMORE.

Over the Ohio River, and arriving in trains in advance at WASHINGTON.

Over the Ohio River, and arriving in trains in advance at NEW YORK.

Over the Ohio River, and arriving in trains in advance at BALTIMORE.

Over the Ohio River, and



# INTERIOR JOURNAL.

B. W. HILTON, Editor and Prop.  
P. J. CAMPBELL, Editor and Prop.

FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1874

## DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

August Election, 1874.

For Clerk of the Court of Appeals,  
CAPT. THOMAS C. JONES.

For District Judge,  
M. H. OWSLEY.

For Common Pleas Attorney,  
J. S. CHRISTMAN.

Clerk of the Circuit Court,  
W. H. MILLER.

Judge of the Lincoln County Court,  
HON. M. C. SAUFLEY.

County Attorney,  
CAPT. W. G. WELCH.

Clerk of the County Court,  
JOHN BLAIN.

Sherriff,  
W. B. WITHERS.

Justice,  
THOMAS BUFORD.

Assessor,  
JESSE E. CARTER.

Surveyor,  
E. S. GOOCH.

Comptroller,  
ELISHA UPTHEGROVE.

We publish, in this issue, the card of W. H. Miller, Democratic nominee for clerk of the Lincoln County Court, and a charge made and circulated against him by the friends of his opponent, reflecting upon his official integrity. It is entitled to a careful perusal by every honest, fair-minded voter of the county. There are several rumors of a somewhat damaging character in circulation over the county against Mr. Miller, which may or may not demand investigation by the party he represents. As for ourselves we shall give no heed to them until explicit charges are made against him by those who pretend to be cognizant of facts which attest his unworthiness as our representative. Democratic cannot and will not brook abuses of public trust in their party. We should never shrink from an investigation, and at all times fearlessly invite it, and in the language of our platform of principles, "demand the speedy and impartial arraignment of all abuses of public trust, of whatever character or description. We must purge our own party of all impurities before we can consistently charge the Republican party of corruption. Let those Democrats who oppose the election of Mr. Miller upon grounds that he is incompetent or corrupt, abandon the rather cowardly course of circulating vague rumors against his character, and adopt the more manly method of making public charges and specifications."

[Since the above was put in type we have received for publication a card from several Democrats of Stanford, in which they make specific charges against Mr. Miller. We publish the card (wherever Mr. Miller, we presume, will make his defense next week, and in the meantime, the voters of the county should suspend their judgment.)

On our first page will be found an interesting letter written to the *Courier-Journal* from Stanford, by an intelligent transient correspondent. We endorse all the good things he says about our town and county in a general way, but especially approve of his remarks in reference to our worthy townsman, Hon. T. W. Varner. We have, hitherto, allowed our extreme modesty to restrain us from outspoken preference for the Senator of the Eighteenth District for the office of Lieutenant Governor of the State. This section of Kentucky may justly claim the honor of furnishing the next Lieutenant Governor. Lincoln county gave to the State her first Chief Magistrate, and has ever since patiently awaited her turn to receive further honors. The time has arrived that she may urge her claim, and in looking around over this section of the State, this district, and this county, for the man suitable to wear our honors, the eye naturally falls upon Tom Varner, whose very name is a synonym for political purity and official honesty. We, therefore, in the name of the people of Central and Southeastern Kentucky, respectfully, but urgently, present the name of Hon. T. W. Varner for the Democratic nomination for Lieutenant Governor.

The Louisville *Commercial*, usually a very fair and dignified paper, has accused Captain Tom C. Jones, the nominee of the Democratic party for Clerk of the Appellate Court, of being ineligible to that office because he accepted a challenge to fight a duel. Captain Jones denies the charge in a respectful letter to the *Courier-Journal*, which we will publish in our next paper. It never did accept a challenge, and we ask for him fair dealing.

The Kentucky Court of Appeals have decided that an officer has no right to make an arrest unless he has a warrant, or sees the offense committed, or has reasonable grounds to believe that an offense has been committed. They further say that the bare statement of a third party, to that effect does not constitute such reasonable grounds. This is the correct view of a very wholesome law.

The Chairman of the Lincoln County Democratic Committee has received official notice of the resignation of Mr. Jones, W. Alfred, and the appointment of Mr. Thomas Lewis in his stead. Mr. Lewis is peculiarly fitted for the honorable position of executor of the will and behest of the party, to the principles which he is sincerely devoted. We hope he will accept the honor conferred upon him by the appointment.

# COUNTY POLITICS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

To the Public.

The silence of contempt is usually the only fitting reply to the calumnies of a party contest, but a charge which affects directly, not only my integrity as an official, but my character as an honest man and a gentleman is being industriously circulated against me in the county.

Without making any reference to the source or motive of the slander, I consider it proper, occupying as I do the somewhat representative position of a nominee of my party, to make a public statement of the facts.

The charge is that as Clerk of the Lincoln County Court, I received last Fall or Winter the sum of three hundred dollars, deposited in lieu of the bail of one A. J. Adams, and that I failed at the ensuing (last April) term of the Circuit Court to account for it as required by law to the Trustee of the Jury Fund, and that there is no record in my office of the transaction whereby myself or my surties can be held responsible. In other words, that I have deliberately falsified the records of my court, and robbed the Commonwealth of three hundred dollars.

On the 25th day of November, 1873, after the October term of that year, the wife of one A. J. Adams, who was arrested in Indiana and brought here on a charge of horse stealing, deposited in my hands, as Clerk, the sum of three hundred dollars in lieu of his bail, for which I gave her my official receipt. At the April term, last, Adams failed to appear, and on Wednesday, the 3rd day of the term, the following order was made for the deposit, and recorded on page 396 of Order Book No. 31:

"Commonwealth of Kentucky, Plaintiff vs. A. J. Adams, Defendant, horse stealing."

"The defendant, A. J. Adams, having failed to appear in pursuance of the undertaking of his bail, it is adjudged that the three hundred dollars deposited in lieu of his bail, be and the same is hereby forfeited."

Under the law Clerks are required to make semi-annual reports of money received by them, on the first day of the Spring and Fall terms of their courts.

The law upon the subject is as follows:

"The duties imposed by the provisions of this chapter upon clerks and other officers on the subject of reporting to the circuit court all public moneys in their hands, shall be discharged, whether there be any court held at the regular term or not. Said report shall be made on the first day of the term of court fixed by law; and the money so reported shall then be paid to the trustee of the jury fund, which shall be held by him subject to be disbursed as other money belonging to the jury fund. The clerk of the court shall enter each report on some record or order-book of the court and the same may be signed by the judge as part of the proceedings of the first day of the next ensuing term of a court held by him. Sec. 25, Art. 6, page 383 Revised Statutes."

Circuit and county court clerks shall make out an account of all moneys they have received up to the first day of each circuit court of their county, and pay over so much thereof to the trustee of the jury fund as the court, by order, may direct. The amount to be paid shall be certified to the Auditor or credited respectively to the clerks in the settlement of their accounts. Each clerk shall transmit to the Auditor an abstract of all judgments rendered in his court for the benefit of the Commonwealth, to be charged to the sheriff and accounted for by him. Sec. 5, Art. 6, page 378 General Statutes."

This money which it is insisted I embezzled was not forfeited to the State nor did it become in any sense "public money" until the third day of the term, two days after I had made my report of public money for that term, paid it to the trustee of the jury fund and taken his receipt therefor.

This money then under the law, the construction and ruling thereof by the Auditor, (who regulates this whole matter) and the uniform practice of clerks throughout the State, is not required to be accounted for by me, nor can it be, until I make my next report on the first day of the next October term.

Such at least is my opinion, such has been my practice heretofore as clerk, and such I believe has been the practice of clerks throughout the Commonwealth. If I have been mistaken, though the practice has ever before, to my knowledge, been called in question, I have the money in my custody and will, as a matter of course, account for it whenever and wherever it may be proper and right to do so. I am willing to submit the question to any reputable lawyer whom my defenders may select, and will cheerfully and promptly abide and act upon his decision.

W. H. MILLER.

STANFORD, KY., June 22, 1874.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

Card from Messrs. Atkinson, Cooper and Others.

To the Editors of the *Courier-Journal*.

Your comments of last week upon the action of those Democrats who refuse to yield their support to W. H. Miller for Circuit Court Clerk, are of such a nature as to require at our hands a public explanation of the reasons which cause us and others to refuse to support him as the representative of the party for that office.

We feel that such an explanation is due alike to you, for whom we entertain the most kindly feelings, as well as to such other organs of the Democracy of the county who, without a knowledge of our reasons for this course, are disposed, like you, to accuse us of a lack of sincerity in the cause or of devotion to the principles of Democracy.

With most of us, devotion to the Democratic party and its principles is no new love, and for the reasons of those principles we are willing to make in the

future, as we have made in the past, as great sacrifices and use as vigorous efforts as any of our brethren who now stand with "desertion" or lack with doubting eye upon our course.

We sincerely regret the occasion of this dissent. Our course is not actuated by personal prejudices, but is prompted by our devotion to the true principles of the party, and our earnest desire for the triumph of those principles in their original purity as handed down to us by the fathers. In these days, when our fondest hopes of party success are based upon the official corruptions and extravagances of our political antagonists, we think it more than ever essential to the success and purity of the party that in selecting men to fill our public offices, Democrats should apply to each aspirant those old-fashioned Democratic tests: "Is he honest? Is he faithful? Is he competent?" and make him fill the measure or cast him aside.

We apply these tests to Mr. Miller, who claims the party support, and find, as we believe, that he fails far short of the standard, we refuse him our support.

He has been for six years the clerk of the Circuit Court, and from our knowledge of his official career during that time we are constrained to say that he is unworthy of the support of the Democratic party. Our belief is founded upon the following and many other circumstances:

1st. We charge that he has in many instances demanded and received, or demanded greater fees than allowed him by law for his services. We know that he has demanded fees which, upon being tested, were found to nearly double what he was entitled to by law. In proof of this we cite the case of Myron Luce, Esq., of whom he demanded payment of a fee bill for about \$11 00. Luce refused to pay it and it was left to Judge Saufley to say how much of it was correct, and he decided that Miller was only entitled to about \$5 00 out of his \$11 00 fee bill.

The law especially prescribes the fees allowed the clerk. Yet there are but few of Mr. Miller's fee bills in which we do not find charges not authorized by law. But let this article might be too long were it but one class of cases, that of "judgment on a plain note," as it is commonly called. In many of his fee bills in such cases can be found these items, "Judgment 30c, recording judgment 20c, entering judgment 20c, satisfaction of judgment 30c."

The law says that "for entering a judgment" the clerk shall receive 20c; "for entering it on judgment book 30c," and entering satisfaction in court or on judgment book, when made by the clerk, 30c. There is no law for the charge of 30 cents for "judgment" (let item). And the clerk is not allowed to charge for the last item "satisfaction" unless he renders the services, yet Miller has frequently issued fee bills containing this charge when no satisfaction of the judgment has been entered, and thus it is that he collects \$1 20 where by law he is only entitled to 60 cents. We might fill this sheet with similar instances, but deem the example given sufficient for our political opponents.

For these and other reasons affecting his qualifications we believe that Mr. Miller falls far short of the true Democratic test that all good Democrats should exert their influence to supplant him with a young man—a Democrat—who is vouched for by all of his neighbors as sober, reliable, honest, diligent, faithful and competent.

2nd. The law prohibits a clerk from receiving money on any judgment or replevin bond in his office, without a power of attorney from the owner or his agent or attorney (Myer's Supplement, page 96). Yet in the face of this prohibition, we charge that, during the last two years or more, Mr. Miller has, in divers instances, violated this law, and as clerk received money on judgments and replevin bonds in his office without having a power of attorney from the owners of such judgments or their agents or attorneys.

Will any friend of Mr. Miller explain by what authority he received the money on the replevin bond, last Winter, in the case of Calloway vs. Harris, and how long it was before Calloway got all of his money after Miller had received it?

We might call up numerous cases under this head, but as we desire to be brief we forbear further details, and simply suggest that many of your readers, *simply pure Democrats*, will upon reflection, be able to recall similar instances within their own experience with him as clerk.

3d. Some time last Winter one A. J. Adams was confined in the Lincoln county jail, charged with horse stealing. His bail was fixed at \$300, which he was unable to give, but his wife brought \$300 in money to deposit in lieu of his bail. The law says that "whenever the defendant is admitted to bail in a specified sum he may deposit said sum with the trustee of the jury fund" and be discharged. (Criminal Code, section 84), and the trustee of the jury fund shall hold and pay the same according to the orders of the court, and he and his surties shall be liable therefor on his official bond" (Criminal Code, sec. 86). S. S. McRoberts was the trustee of the jury fund, but the money very naturally went to the clerk's office where the papers were, and in the face of these plain enactments, Mr. Miller received the \$300 from her, and ordered the discharge of the prisoner, and now holds it and has never reported it to or offered to pay it over to the trustee.

And, when Adams failed to appear for trial, instead of showing in the order of court with whom the money had been deposited, or in whose hands it then was, the clerk, in making up the order of court, simply says in the order, "it is adjudged that the \$300 deposited by Mrs. A. J. Adams, in lieu of bail, be and the same is hereby forfeited." Now take this entry in connection with the law, and who would not naturally infer that the money was held by the trustee of the jury fund instead of W. H. Miller the clerk?

But we learn that Mr. Miller now

claims that under the law, he as clerk has the right to receive a deposit of money in lieu of bail. This claim, we presume, is based upon the amendment of a February, 1866, to the 61st section of the Criminal Code. The 61st section says the defendant "may be admitted to bail by the committing magistrate or county judge or by the Circuit Court or the Judge thereof," and the amendment above referred to enacts, in substance, that "bail may be taken by the clerk in the absence of the Judge." But neither the 61st section nor the amendment confer upon any of these officers the right to receive and hold money deposited in lieu of bail.

Has any one ever heard of a Judge of a Circuit Court who held that he had the right to receive and hold money deposited in lieu of bail? Certainly not. Because the Criminal Code has established and maintained throughout a clearly defined distinction between the terms "bail" and "deposit of money in lieu of bail." "Bail" is the person who becomes a surety for the appearance of the defendant in court. "Deposit of money in lieu of bail" is the term used in the Code and defines itself. If any one had a doubt as to the distinction the 55th section of the Criminal Code shows that the terms are different, for it says, "After bail has been taken, a deposit may in like manner be made, (as provided by section 84), of the sum mentioned in the bail bond, which shall exonerate the bail." And the next section (86) provides that "where money is deposited, the trustee of the jury fund shall hold and pay the same according to the order of the court."

It will thus be seen that when "bail" is to be taken, it must be taken, according to the circumstances, by the magistrate, county judge, the court or judge or the clerk in the absence of the judge. But when money is to be "deposited in lieu of bail" the trustee of the jury fund shall hold it and be liable for it on his official bond, and if by any means the clerk receives and holds it, the surties in the clerk's official bond are not liable for it, because he had no right to receive it.

Now, we do not charge that any of these acts evidence any dishonesty on the part of Mr. Miller, because a wrongful intention must combine with a wrongful act to make the dishonesty, and he may not have known that his acts were wrongful. He may have thought he had the right to do these things. But we do say that a person who will make such mistakes, after six years as responsible an office, shows himself to be so incompetent as to render him wholly unfit for the office, and by re-electing him the party would endorse his incompetency and short comings and lay itself liable to some of the same charges that our press and leaders have so effectively hurled at our political opponents.

For these and other reasons affecting his qualifications we believe that Mr. Miller falls far short of the true Democratic test that all good Democrats should exert their influence to supplant him with a young man—a Democrat—who is vouched for by all of his neighbors as sober, reliable, honest, diligent, faithful and competent.

The celebration of the completion of the railroad bridge at St. Louis on the 4th inst. promises to be the grandest affair that ever occurred in the West.

A beautiful young lady, Miss Katie West, of Paris, died on the 29th ult., from taking an overdose of arsenic, administered by herself. She had been taking arsenic for her complexion.

A NEW AND COMPLETE STOCK OF FAN SHADES, PARASOLS, ETC., ETC.,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

A LARGE STOCK OF

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